

# HELP!

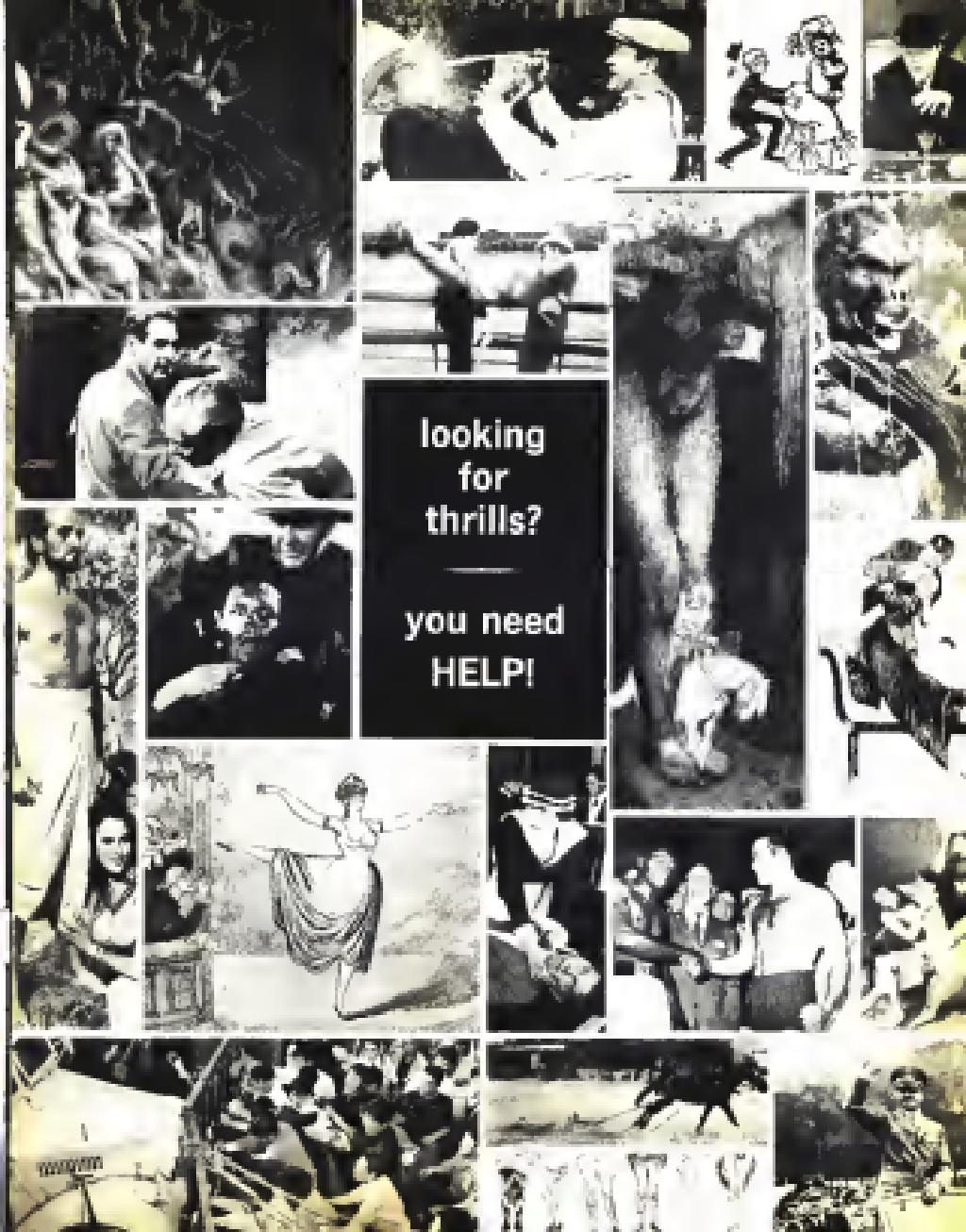
FOR TIRED MINDS

35¢





Are you the  
new boulder?



looking  
for  
thrills?

—  
you need  
HELP!



"Excellent opportunity with growing concern. Must be ambitious, show leadership qualities. Good start pay. References. Write Box 158 Pranda."

# HELP!

Vol. 1, No. 2 OCTOBER 1962

Editor  
MORTY GOODMAN  
Publisher  
JOHN WATKINS  
Associate Editor  
GLORIA STERKIN  
Production  
MORT GOODMAN



## ON THE CONEY

by Ed Fisher



## HANDS OFF

by LORNA SHACKLEY

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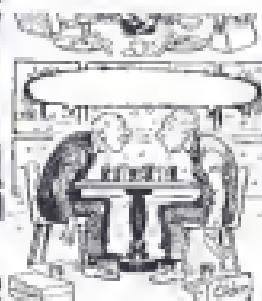
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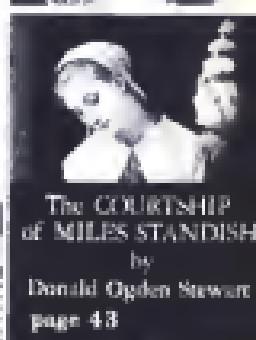
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## The COURSHIP of MILES STANDISH

by

Donald Ogden Stewart

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## LETTERS

### KOSSIE

Dear Editor:

I tried leaving the church on the inside cover and it didn't do anything to me. Could it be that's using the wrong breed of hounds? Or maybe she's just not my type. If you stay in business long enough good breed will be tape on its head.

Ed Fink

East Meadow, New York

Did you consider prepublishing your poems — the back cover of this issue? —ed

### LOQUITA

I didn't think the picture on page 28 of your August issue was in the best bit timing. —Barbara Hartshorn, Barnstable, Mass.



page 28

### SPUT INFINITIES

So here comes the first sentence in the editor's introduction to the first issue of an "intellectual" humor magazine containing no journalistic or journalistic infinitives (if I'm quantity infinite?)?

After I was separated from the initial shock, however, I was able to finally enjoy the rest of the mag, particularly Shirley's The Fixer although I felt there was a bit of a congruity with the general tone of a "honest" publication.

G.R.  
Philadelphia

So how come no intellectual like you didn't notice that we just use "I" for someone "intellectual"? Or that you yourself (not, I might add, a "representative" and split an infinitive with the "greedy" word)? Eds to read you! For us? We need each other? —ed

### WELL WISHERS

I thought this poor magazine was a dead  
Mal K. Johnson, Jr.  
Torrington, Wyoming

I'm an enthusiastic and pleased with the man that I find myself unable to put into

words how welcome it is compared to the usual state that other mag'z put you to right-away departed from, in yesterday. If I may get personal in oblique, I'd just like to say welcome back, Harry. You've got a genuine supporting audience behind you.

July 1, Plain,  
Opelika, Alabama

also, yeah. —ed

Keep doing on the Karmean humor, the younger men of America need it.

John Verpoorten,  
New York, N.Y.

Everyone needs it. —ed

Incidentally I bought a copy of HELP!, a gift so doobt in the overdoob... actually I saw the cover and then noticed the credits and then bought it and HELP! However it was your new

project. Congratulations... it seems entirely different and is very entertainin... I like everything in it. Especially the use of the two photos. In fact, this looks like the first humor magazine that makes any sense at a real magazine... not a sport like MAD or BALLYHOO.

George Price,  
New York

Congratulations right back to Friend Roger on the publication of his latest book, **WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY**. —ed

The just finished, regular the first issue of HELP!... keep it up, sir, keep it up, they wouldn't keep you down for very long. I've followed your career ever since I have been old enough to appreciate satire. TRUMP was, in my estimation, your high spot. HUMBOOG was very good.

I'm looking forward to many good future issues of HELP!

Frank M. Spain,  
Boggsburg, Ohio

I grew up with the products of Mr. Karmean's fertile imagination. I have followed his fortunes through comedy books, art, and pain but this is the first opportunity I have had to express my appreciation. Enclosed is a check for a one-year subscription to HELP!, commanding with seven number one.

Donald Caldwell,  
Houston, Texas

We definitely favor letters of this type. However—Thank you. Thank you all for your nice letters. —ed

Please address mail to  
HELP!, Bureau Dept. B, 111  
Six Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

## COVER STORY

With our current cover, HELP! launched its first Sputnik, and according to our publisher, we spent more on ours than the Soviets on theirs. Our biggest problem was finding a metal sphere with a high mirror-like polish. After searching fruitlessly for a silver beach ball, we had a sphere made to order and had it painted

shiny polished and sent it off to Jerry Lewis in Hollywood who obligingly posed while the Help! Sputnik was bounced off his head several times. But first the photographer sprayed away the annoying polish.

Jerry Lewis—director, producer and star of *The Bellboy*—also does gag photo captions. Below is his contribution to HELP!:

Jerry Lewis contribution





**THEY'RE OUT THERE** by H. Kortman

Be sensible — Look around — Be up to date with Pepe



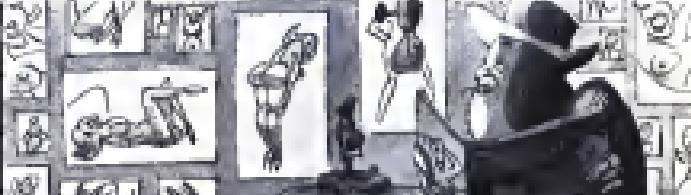
For a little enjoyment, just wait for Pepe



Watch your feet, and take care



For the best things in your life, feel really clean



Wash your hands, taking care



See — or better make up an umbrella and sit tight



# ON THE CONEY

*a daring screenplay by Ed Fisher*

*DIRECTED BY*

*Alfred Hitchhike*



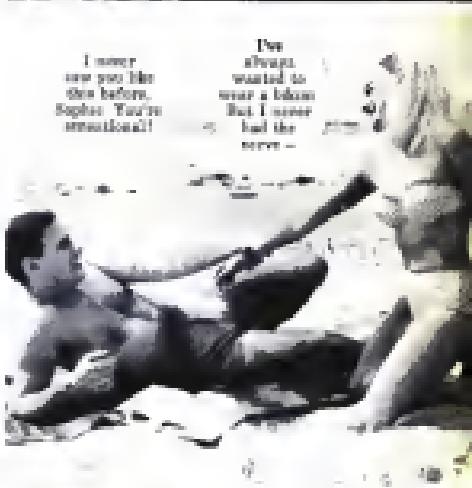
ALFRED HITCHHICK

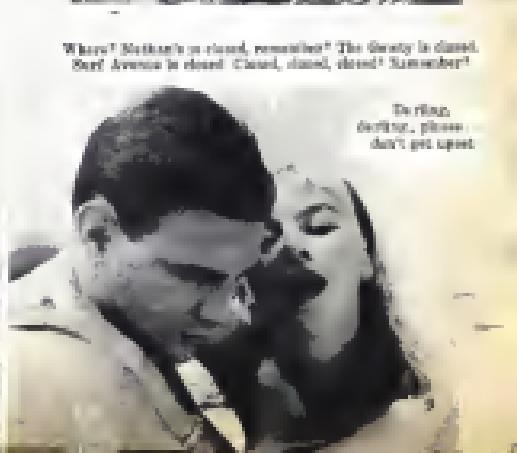
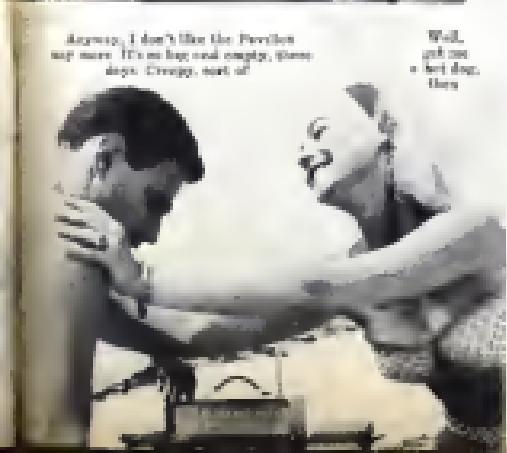
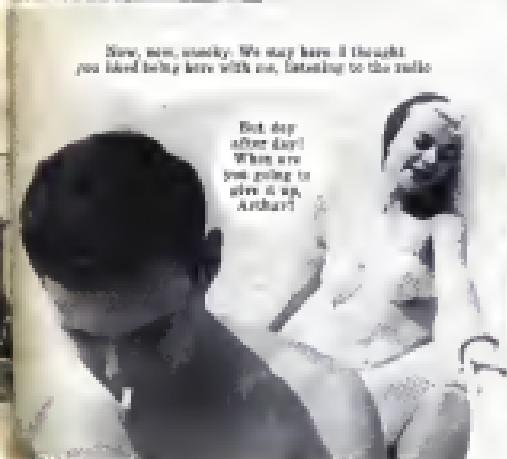
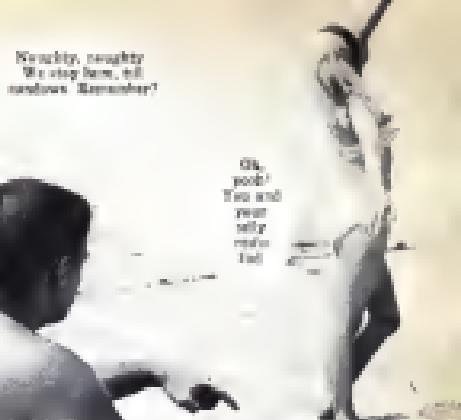
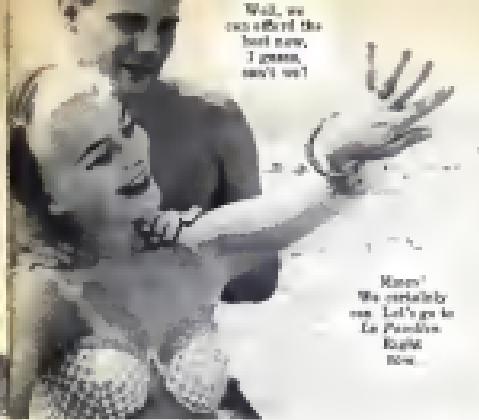
The subject matter of this new screenplay is so terrifying — and so daring — that no one will be allowed to look at the final page until he has faithfully read through the first six pages. (Just to make sure, we've left it out of the magazine. It will be mailed to you on receipt of a written synopsis proving to us that you've read and understood everything leading up to it!)

Our tale begins simply and innocently enough . . . on a sleepy summer afternoon, along a quiet strip of beach, not far from New York City . . .

*Continued*







Times Square, single  
Macy's, deserted — M.G.M.  
silent

You  
mustn't think  
about it,  
dearie!

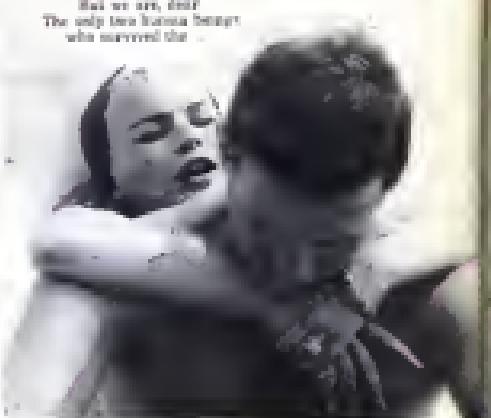


I like  
it like  
this  
way.  
I never  
had anyone  
to come  
in before  
on the  
beach before

"You — you  
don't feel funny  
here? On a  
hot beach — in  
Candy Island —  
alone?"



But we are, dear  
The only two human beings  
who survived the ...



Not Commander  
Gregory Peck is alone!  
I know it. He's not  
alone. I got him radio  
news! From Copenhagen,  
didn't I? Didn't I?

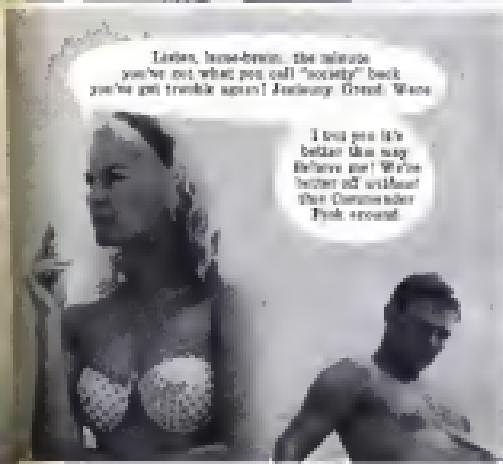


Remember  
how weak and sick  
you were? Mafra's  
just strengthened it!

But, Arthur,  
that was weeks ago.  
Before you were  
fond of me.



I  
heard him.  
I know.  
I heard him.  
From  
Copenhagen...  
on Candy  
Island...



The new  
face of  
romantic  
Truman and  
Sophie ...



Arthur,  
you're  
loving  
me ...

Please, Sophie. Don't be afraid. You and I—we survived  
the bush. It must have been for a reason ...

Mr. Arthur  
We ...



It must have been because we  
were put here to do something ...



But  
not then.  
Arthur, no.  
Believe  
me ...

Then why  
did you never  
take hold of  
me today ... You  
must have known  
what we had to do.  
Sophie, don't fight it.  
Close your eyes  
and focus ...  
don't ...  
doubt ...



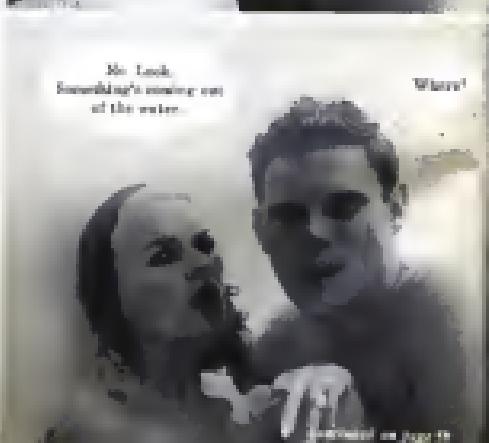
Wait.  
Arthur, I  
heard some-  
thing ...

A  
you  
pull ...



Mr. Look,  
something's coming out  
of the water ...

Wait!



SCIENCE FICTION

# HANDS OFF

BY ROBERT SHEDD

Reviewing  
that a  
Malgolian's  
mess is an  
Earthman's  
pilates.

The ship's main  
deflector flared pink,  
then red. Agua had been sleep-  
ing in the controls, waiting for Vincen-  
to to finish making dinner. Now  
he looked up quickly. "Please,  
coming." He called over the  
bleat of snapping off  
cartridges.



Captain Barnett nodded. He finished shaping a hot peash, and plapped it on Endeavor's worn hull. The whistle of escaping air dropped to a low moan, but was not entirely stopped. It never was.

When Barnett came over, the planet was just visible beyond the rim of a little red sun. It glowed green against the black night of space and gave both men an identical thought:

"Barnett, get the thought into words. 'Wonder if there's anything on it worth taking,' he said, frowning.

Agie tilted a white eyebrow hopefully. They watched as the dusts began to register.

They would never have spotted the planet if they had taken the Endeavor along the South Galactic Trade. But the Confederacy police were becoming increasingly numerous along that route and Barnett preferred to give them a wide berth.

The Endeavor was listed as a trader—but the only cargo she carried consisted of several metric of an extremely powerful acid used in opening safes, and these medium-sized atomic bombs. The authorities looked with disfavor upon such goods and they were always trying to haul the crew in on some old charge—a murder in Luna, landing on Cheaga, breaking and entering on Stasis II. Old, almost forgotten crimes that the police directly increased on taking up.

To make matters worse, Endeavor was assigned by the newer police cruisers. So they had taken an outside route to New Athens, where a big uninsured strike had opened.



**D**on't look like much," Agie commented, appraising the dusts critically.

"Might as well pass it by," Barnett said.

The readings were uninteresting. They showed a planet smaller than Earth, uncharted, and with no commercial value other than oxygen atmosphere.

As they swung past, their heavy-metal detector came to life.

"There's stuff down there!" Agie said, quickly interpreting the multiple readings. "Pure. Very pure—and on the surface!"

He looked at Barnett, who nodded. The ship swung toward the planet.

Victor came down the rear, wearing a tiny wool cap crammed on his big, bony head. He stepped over Barnett's shoulder as Agie brought the ship down in a tight spiral. Within a half mile of the surface, they saw their deposit of heavy metal.

It was a spaceship, resting on its tail in a natural clearing.

"Now this is interesting," Barnett said. He motioned Agie to make a closer approach.

Agie brought the ship down with deft skill. He was well past the compulsory retirement limit for master pilots, but it didn't affect his coordination. Barnett, who found him stranded and penniless, had signed him on. The captain was always glad to help another human, if it was convenient and likely to be profitable. The two men shared

the same attitude toward private property—but sometimes disagreed on ways of acquiring it. Agie preferred a sure thing. Barnett, on the other hand, had more courage than was good for a member of a relatively timid species like Homo sapiens.

Near the surface of the planet, they saw that the strange ship was larger than Endeavor and bright, shining now. The hull shape was unfamiliar, as were the markings.

"Ever see anything like it?" Barnett asked.

Agie searched his capacious memory. "Look a lit like a Capthas job, only they don't build 'em so squat. We're pretty far out, you know. That ship might not even be from the Confederacy."

Victor stared at the ship, his big lips parted in wonder. He sighed softly. "We could use a ship like that, Captain."

Barnett's sudden smile was like a crack appearing in granite. "Victor," he said, "in your simplicity, you have gone to the heart of the matter. We could use a ship like that. Let's go down and talk with its skipper."

Before stopping in, Victor made sure the frangeblasters were on full charge.

On the ground, they sent up an orange and green parkey flare, but there was no answer from the alien ship. The planet's atmosphere tasted breathable, with a temperature of 72 degrees Fahrenheit. After waiting a few minutes, they marched out, frangeblasters ready under their juppers.

All three men wore studiously pleasant smiles as they walked the fifty yards between ships.

Up close, the ship was magnificent. Its glistening silver-gray hull had hardly been touched by nuclear strikes. The airlock was open and a low hum told them that the generators were recharging.

"Anyone home?" Victor shouted into the airlock. His voice echoed hollowly through the ship. There was no answer—only the soft hum of the generators and the rustle of grass on the plain.

"Where do you suppose they are?" Agie asked.

"For a bunch of us, probably," Barnett said. "I don't suppose they'd expect any visitors."

Victor plodded out down the ground. Barnett and Agie prowled around the base of the ship, admiring its green-drive ports.

"Thank you can handle it?" Barnett asked.

"I don't see why not," Agie said. "For one thing, it's conventional drive. The screws don't matter—oxygen breathers are similar drive-control systems. It's just a matter of time until I figure it out."

"Someone coming," Victor called.

They hurried back to the airlock. These hundred yards from the ship was a ragged forest. A figure had just emerged from among the trees, and was walking toward them.

Agie and Victor drew their blasters simultaneously. Barnett's binoculars resolved the tiny figure into a rectangular shape, about two feet high by a foot wide. The alien was less than two inches thick and had no head.

Barnett lowered. He had never seen a rectangle floating above tall grass.

Adjusting the binoculars, he saw that the alien was

*continued on page 16*



You know  
that model,  
the one with  
the jagged  
points...

## HANDS OFF

(continued from page 14)

roughly humanoid. That is, it had four limbs. Two, almost hidden by the grass, were being used for walking, and the other two panted stiffly into the air. In its middle, Barnett could just make out two tiny eyes and a mouth. The creature was not wearing any sort of vest or helmet.

"Queen-looking," Agee muttered, adjusting the aperture of his blaster. "Suppose he's all there is?"

"Hope so," Barnson said, drawing his own blaster.

"Range about two hundred yards." Agee leveled his weapon, then looked up. "Did you want to talk to him first, Captain?"

"What's there to say?" Barnson asked, smiling briefly. "Let him get a little closer, though. We don't want to miss."

Agee nodded and kept the alien steadily in his sights.



The alien had stopped at this deserted little world hoping to blast out a few tons of crud, a mineral highly prized by the Mahogani people. He had had no luck. The unexploded incendiary bomb was still lodged in his body pouch, next

to a stray kerla net. He would like to return to Mahogani with ballast instead of cargo.

Well, he thought, emerging from the forest, better late than never.

He was shocked to see a thin, strangely tapered spaceship near his own. He had never expected to find anyone else on this deadly little world.

And the inhabitants were waiting in front of his cockpit! Karen saw at once they were roughly Mahogani in form. There was a race much like them in the Mahogani Union, but their spaceships were completely different. Invasion suggested that these aliens might well be representative of the great civilization rumored to be on the periphery of the Galaxy.

He advanced eagerly to meet them.

Strange, the aliens were not moving. Why didn't they come forward to meet him? He knew that they saw him because all three were pointing at him.

He walked faster, realizing that he knew nothing of their customs. He only hoped that they didn't run to long-drawn-out ceremonies. Even an hour on the uncharted world had tired him. He was hungry, badly in need of a shower...

Something intensely cold jolted him backward. He looked around apprehensively. Was this some unknown property of the planet?

He moved forward again. Another bolt lanced into him, frosting the outer layer of his hide.

This was serious. Mahogans were among the toughest

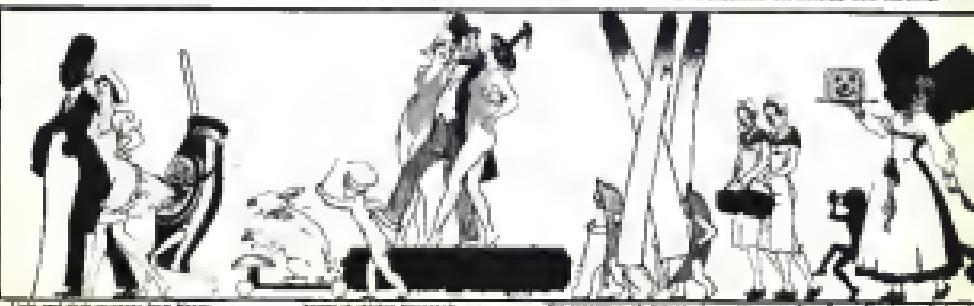
### FOR THE AMERICAN TOURIST IN FRANCE — a Frenchman sees his



Queen, Queen with child

The Queen of France and Queen Mother

The Queen Mother and Queen Mother



Queen and Queen Mother from France

Queen of France Mother

The Queen of France

Queen Queen

Queen Queen

life-forms in the Galaxy, but they had their limits. Kalen looked around for the source of the trouble.

The aliens were shooting at him!

For a moment, his thinking centers refused to accept the evidence of his senses. Kalen knew what murder was. He had observed this personality with stunned horror among certain debased animal forms. And, of course, there were the abnormal psychology books, which documented every case of premeditated murder that had occurred in the history of Mabog.

But to have such a thing actually happen to him! Kalen was unable to believe it.

Another bolt lanced into him. Kalen stood still, trying to convince himself that this was really happening. He couldn't understand how creatures with sufficient sense of cooperation to run a spaceship could be capable of murder.

Besides, they didn't even know him!

Almost too late, Kalen whirled and ran, toward the leaves. All these aliens were flying now and the grass around him was crackling white with frost. His skin surface was completely frozen over. Cold was something the Mabogian constitution was not designed for and the chill was creeping into his external organs.

But he could still hardly believe it.

Kalen grabbed the forest and a double blast caught him as he slid behind a tree. He could feel his internal system laboring desperately to restore warmth to his body and, with profound regret, he allowed the darkness to take him.



Shaped kind of alien," Agee observed, hovering his blaster.

"Stupid and strong," Barnes said. "But no oxygen-breather can take much of that." He grunted proudly and stopped the silver-grey side of the ship. "We'll claim her *Endeavor II*."

"Three sheets for the captain!" Victor cried enthusiastically.

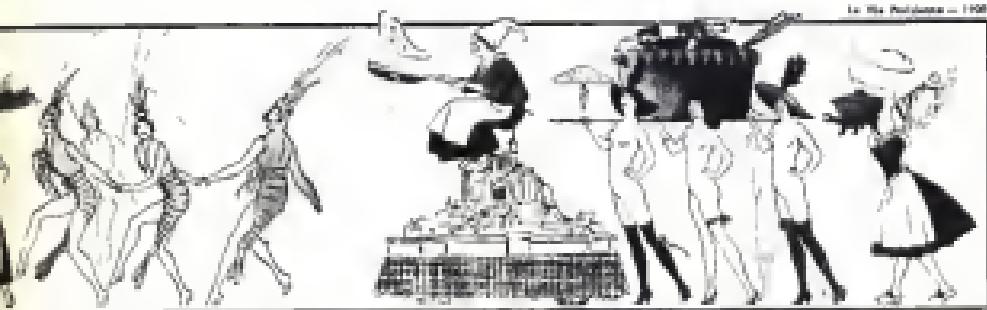
"Save your breath," Barnes said. "You'll need it." He glared overhead. "We've got about four hours of light left. Victor, transfer the food, oxygen and tools from *Endeavor I* and disarm her guns. We'll come back and salvage the old girl some day. But I want to blast off by sundown."

Victor hurried off. Barnes and Agee entered the ship.

The rear half of *Endeavor II* was filled with generators, engines, converters, servos, fuel and air tanks. Past that was an enormous cargo hold, occupying almost another half of the ship. It was filled with odds of all shapes and colors, ranging in size from two inches in diameter to sonic twice the size of a man's head. That left only two compartments at the bow of the ship.

The first should have been a crew room, since it was the only available living space. But it was completely bare.

© 1968 *The Saturday Evening Post* — 1108



Top: *Endeavor II* crew; middle: *Endeavor II* crew; bottom: *Endeavor II* crew.



Top: *Endeavor II* crew; middle: *Endeavor II* crew; bottom: *Endeavor II* crew.



There were no decorations, no, no tables or chairs—nothing but polished metal floor. On the walls and ceiling were several small openings, but their purpose was not readily apparent.

Connected to this room was the pilot's compartment. It was very small, barely large enough for one man, and the panel under the observation blower was packed solidly with instruments.

"Try all you can," Bassett said. "Let's see what you can do."

Agar nodded, looked for a chair, then squatted in front of the panel. He began to study the layout.

In several hours, Victor had transferred all their stores to *Endeavor II*. Agar still had not touched anything. He was trying to figure out what controlled what from the size, color, shape and location of the instruments. It wasn't easy, even accepting similar nervous systems and patterns of thought. Did the auxiliary step-up system run from left to right? If so, he would have to unlearn his previous flight coordination. Did red signify danger to the dangers of this ship? If it did, that big switch could be for danger fuel. But red could also mean hot fuel, in which case the switch might control course energy flow.

For all he knew, its purpose was to overload the pilot in case of enemy attack.

Agar kept all this in mind as he studied the controls. He wasn't too worried. For one thing, spaceships were tough beasts, practically indestructible from the outside. For another, he believed he had caught onto the pattern.

Bassett stuck his head in the doorway, with Victor close behind him. "You ready?"

Agar looked over the panel. "Gonna go." He touched a dial lightly. "This should control the airdock."

He turned it. Victor and Bassett waited, panting, in the chilly room.

They heard the smooth flow of lubricated metal. The airlocks had closed.

Agar grunted and blew on his fingers for luck. "Here's the air-control system." He closed a switch.

Out of the cockpit, a yellow smoke began to trickle. "Impurities in the system," Agar commented, adjusting a dial. Victor began to cough.

"Turn it off," Bassett said.

The smoke poured out in thick measure, filling the two rooms almost instantly.

"Turn it off!"

"I can't see it!" Agar stared at the switch, raised and struck a button under it. Immediately the generators began to whine angrily. Blue sparks danced along the panel and jumped to the wall.

Agar stepped back from the panel and collapsed. Victor was already at the door to the cargo hold, trying to hammer it down with his fist. Bassett covered his mouth with one hand and rushed to the panel. He fumbled blindly for the switch, feeling the ship revolve giddily around him.

Victor fell to the deck, still beating frantically at the door. Bassett jabbed blindly at the panel.



Instantly the generators stopped. Then Barnett felt a cold freeze on his face. He wiped his streaming eyes and looked up.

A lucky shot had closed the cooking ports, cutting off the yellow gas. He had accidentally opened the locks, and the gas in the ship was being replaced by the cold night air of the planet. Soon the atmosphere was breathable.

Victor climbed shakily to his feet, but Agor didn't move. Barnett gave the old pilot artificial respiration, cursing softly as he did. Agor's eyelids finally fluttered and his chest began to rise and fall. A few minutes later, he sat up and shook his head.

"What was that stuff?" Victor asked.

"I'm afraid," Barnett said, "that our alien friend corrupted it a breathable atmosphere."

Agor shook his head. "Can't see, Captain. He was born on an oxygen world, walking around with no balance—"

"Our respiration vary tremendously," Barnett pointed out. "Let's face it—our friend's physical makeup was quite different from ours."

"That's not so good," Agor said.

The three men looked at each other. In the silence that followed, they heard a faint, ominous sound.

"What was that?" Victor yelped, pointing out his blaster. "Shut up!" Barnett shouted.

They listened. Barnett could feel the hair lift on the back of his neck as he tried to identify the sound.

It came from a distance. It sounded like metal striking a hard non-magnetic object.

The three men looked out the port. In the last glow of sunset, they could see the main port of *Endeavor I* was open. The sound was coming from the ship.

"It's impossible," Agor said. "The freeze-blasters—"

"Don't kill him," Barnett shouted.

"That's bad," Agor grunted. "That's very bad."

Victor was still holding his blaster. "Captain, suppose I wander over that way..."

Barnett shook his head. "He wouldn't let you within ten feet of the lock. No, let me think. Was there anything on board he could use? The pilot?"

"I've got the links, Captain," Victor said.

"Good. Then there's nothing that..."

"The acid," Agor interrupted. "It's powerful stuff. But I don't suppose he can do much with that stuff."

"Not a thing," Barnett said. "We're in this ship and we're staying here. But get it off the ground now."

Agor looked at the instrument panel. Half an hour ago, he had almost understood it. Now it was a curiously rugged debris trap—a booby trap, with invisible wires leading to destruction.

The trap was untransmuted. But a spaceboy was necessarily a cook for living as well as trashing. The controls would try to reproduce the alien's living conditions, supply his needs.

That might be fatal to them.

"I wish I knew what kind of planet he came from," Agor said unhappily. If they knew the alien's environment, they could anticipate what his ship would do.

All they knew was that he breathed a poisonous yellow gas.

"We're doing all right," Barnett said without much confidence. "Just dope out the drive mechanism and we'll leave everything else alone."

Ago turned back to the controls.

Barnett wished he knew what the alien was up to.

He stood at the bulk of his old ship in the twilight and listened to the incomprehensible sound of metal striking metal.



Kalen was surprised to find that he was still alive. But there was a saying among his people—"Either a Magoburi is killed fast or he isn't killed at all. It was not at all—so far.

Groggily, he sat up and leaned against a tree. The single red sun of the planet was low on the horizon and because of poisonous oxygen seared around him. He tested at once and found that his lungs were still severely sealed. His life-giving yellow air, although reseated from long use, was still suffocating him.

But he couldn't seem to get oriented. A few hundred yards away, his ship was resting peacefully. The fading red

light glinted from its hull and, for a moment, Kalen was convinced that there were no aliens. He had imagined the whole thing and now he would return to his ship...

He saw one of the aliens loaded down with goods, after his vessel. In a little while, the starbooks closed.

It was true, all of it. He wrenched his mind back to gain resolution.

He needed food and air badly. His outer skin was dry and cracked, and in need of nutritional cleaning. But food, air and cleaners were on his lost ship. All he had was a single red keris nut and the thatlite bomb in his body pouch.

If he could open and get the nut, he could regain a little strength. But how could he open it?

It was shocking, how complete his dependence on machinery had been. Now he would have to find some way of doing the most simple, ordinary, everyday things—the sort of things his ship had done automatically, without the operator even thinking about them.

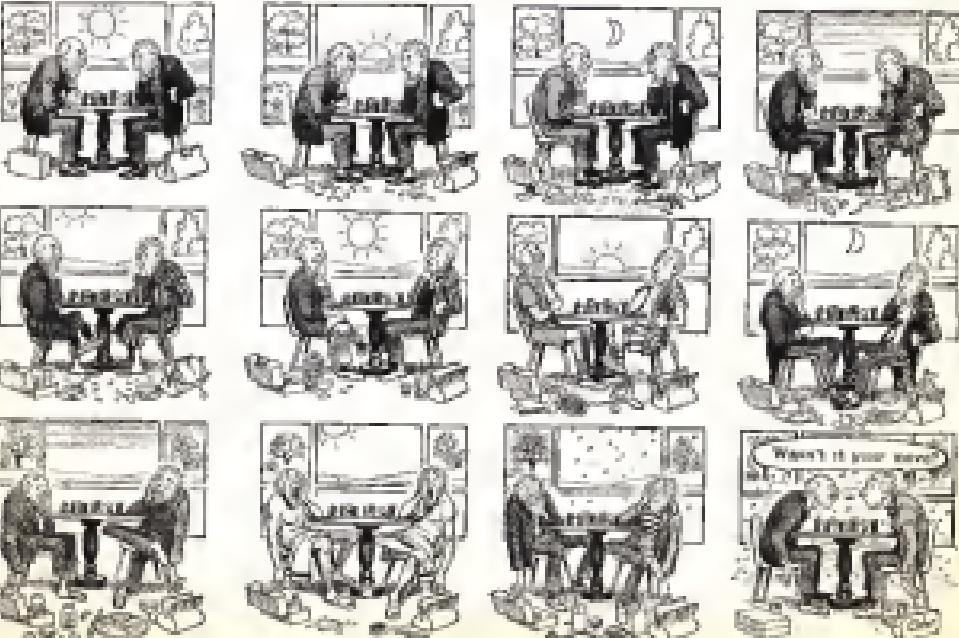
Kalen noticed that the aliens had apparently abandoned their own ship. Why? It didn't matter. Out on the plain, he would die before morning. His only chance for survival lay inside their ship.

He slid slowly through the grass, stopping only when a wave of darkness swept over him. He tried to keep watch on his ship. If the aliens came after him now, all would be lost. But nothing happened. After an eternity of crawling, he reached the ship and slipped inside.

It was twilight. In the darkness, he could see that the

continued on page 23

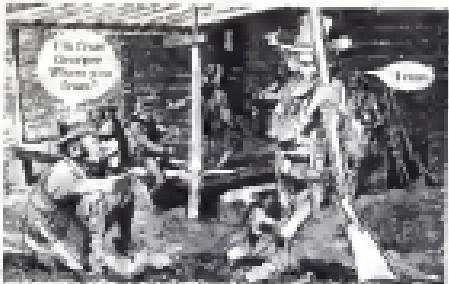
## CHESS





I'm  
going  
to kill you

CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis



# HANDS OFF

continued from page 20

vesel was old. The walls, too thin in the first place, had been patched and repatched. Everything spoke of long, hard use.

He could understand why they wanted his ship.

Another wave of distress swept over him. It was his body's way of demanding immediate attention.

Food seemed to be the first problem. He slipped the knife out of his pouch. It was round, almost four inches in diameter, and its blade was two inches thick. Nuts of this sort were the main ingredient of a Magoban spacer's diet. They were energy-packed and would last almost forever, sealed.

He propped the nut against a wall, found a steel bar and smashed down on it. The bar, striking the nut, emitted a hollow, drum-like sound. The nut was unshelled.

Kalen wondered if the sound could be heard by the aliens. He would have to chance it. Setting himself firmly, he flailed away. In fifteen minutes, he was exhausted and the bar was bent almost in half.

The nut was unshelled.

He was unable to open the nut without a Cracker, a standard device on every Magoban ship. No one ever thought of opening a nut in any other way.

It was a terrifying evidence of his helplessness.

He lifted the bar for another whack and found that his limbs were stiffening. He dropped the bar and took stock.

The chilled outer hide was hampering his motions. The skin was hardening slowly into impervious form. Once the hardening was completed, he would be immobilized. Frozen in position, he would sit or stand until he died of suffocation.

Kalen fought back a wave of despair and tried to think. He had to treat his skin without delay. That was more important than food. On board his own ship, he would wash and bathe it, soaks and eventually cure it. But it was doubtful whether the aliens carried the proper chemicals.

The only other course was to rip off his outer hide. The second layer would be tender for a few days, but at least he would be mobile.

He searched on shelves, looking for a Changer. Then he realized that the aliens wouldn't have even this piece of basic apparatus. He was still on his own.

He took the steel bar, bent it into a hook and inserted the point under a fold of skin. He yanked upward with all his strength.

The skin refused to yield.

Now, he wedged himself between a generator and the wall and inserted the hook in a different way. But his arms weren't long enough to gain leverage, and the tough hide held gamely.

He tried a dozen different positions, unsuccessfully. Without mechanical assistance, he couldn't hold himself safely enough.

Weakly, he dropped the bar. He could do nothing, nothing at all. Then he remembered the thorite bomb in his pouch.

A primitive part of his mind which he had not previously known existed said that there was an easy way out of all this. He could slip the bomb under the hull of his ship, while the aliens weren't looking. The light charge would

do no more than throw the ship twenty or thirty feet into the air, but would not really damage it.

The aliens, however, would undoubtedly be killed.

Kalen was horrified. How could he think such a thing? The Magoban ethic, ingrained in the fiber of his being forbade the taking of intelligent life for any reason whatsoever. Any reason.

"But wouldn't that be justified?" that primitive portion of his mind whispered. "These aliens are diseased. You would be doing the Universe a favor by getting rid of them and only accidentally helping yourself. Don't think of it as murder. Consider it extermination."

He took the bomb out of his pouch and looked at it, then finally put it away. "No!" he told himself, with less conviction.

He refused to think any more. On tiptoe, almost rigid limbs, he began to search the alien ship, looking for something that would save his life.



Agee was crouched in the pilot's compartment, weakly marking switches with an insubstantial pencil. His lungs ached and he had been working all night. Now there was a bleak gray dawn outside and a chill wind was whipping around Endeavor II. The spaceship was lighted but cold, for Agee didn't want to touch the temperature controls.

Victor came into the crew room, staggering under the weight of a heavy packing case.

"Bennett?" Agee called out.

"He's coming," Victor said.

The captain wanted all their equipment up front, where they could get at it quickly. But the crew room was small and he had used most of the available space.

Looking around for a spot to put the case, Victor noticed a door in one wall. He pushed its steel and the door slid smoothly into the ceiling, revealing the size of a closet. Victor decided it would make an ideal storage space.

Ignoring the crushed and shells on the floor, he slid the case inside.

Immediately, the ceiling of the little room began to descend.

Victor let out a yell that could be heard throughout the ship. He leaped up—and slammed his head against the ceiling. He fell on his face, stunned.

Agee dashed out of the pilot's compartment and Bennett sprang into the room. Bennett grabbed Victor's legs and tried to drag him out, but Victor was heavy and the captain was unable to get a purchase on the smooth metal floor.

With one presence of mind, Agee up-ended the packing case. The ceiling was immediately stopped by it.

Together, Bennett and Agee tugged at Victor's legs. They managed to drag him out just in time. The heavy case splintered and, in another instant, was crushed like a piece of balsa wood.

The ceiling of the little room, descending on a greased shaft, compressed the packing case to a starch thickness. Then its parts clicked and it slid back into place without a sound.

Victor sat up and rubbed his head. "Captain," he said plaintively, "can't we get our own ship back?"

Agos was doubtful of the sentence, too. He looked at the deadly little room, which again resembled a closet with shattered red shelves on the floor.

"She's scared, like a piss ship," he said worriedly. "Maybe Victor's right."

"You want to give her up?" Barnett asked.

Agos squirmed unconvincingly and nodded. "Trouble is," he said, not looking at Barnett, "we don't know what she'll do next. It's just too noisy, Captain."

"Do you realize what you'd be giving up?" Barnett challenged. "Her full store is worth a fortune. Have you looked at her engines? There's nothing this side of Earth that could stop her. She could drill her way through a planet and come out the other side with all her pants on. And you want to give her up?"

"She won't be worth much if she kills us," Agos objected.

Victor nodded emphatically. Barnett stared at them.

"Now listen to me carefully," Barnett said. "We are not going to give up this ship. She is not passed. She's short and filled with alien apparatus. All we have to do is keep our hands off things until we reach drydock. Understood?"

Agos wanted to say something about clovers that tasted

like hydraulic presses. It didn't seem to him a promising sign for the future. But, looking at Barnett's face, he decided against it.

"Have you reached all the operating controls?" Barnett asked.

"Just a few more to go," Agos said.

"Right. Finish up and then we're the only ones we'll squash. If we leave the rest of the ship alone, she'll live on alone. There's no danger if we just keep hands off."

Barnett wiped perspiration from his face, leaned against a wall and unbuttoned his coat.

Immediately, two metal bands slid out of openings on either side of him and circled his waist and stomach.

Barnett stared at them for a moment, then threw himself forward with all his strength. The band didn't give. There was a peculiar clicking sound in the walls and a slender wire Barnett did cut. It touched Barnett's coat apprehensively, then retreated into the wall.

Agos and Victor stared helplessly.

"Turn it off," Barnett said tenaciously.

Agos rushed into the control room. Victor continued staring. Out of the wall slid a metal hook, tipped with a gleaming three-inch blade.

"Stop it!" Barnett screamed.

Victor unfastened. He ran up and tried to wrench the metal hook out of the wall. It twisted once and then went hammering across the room.

With the precision of a surgeon, the knife hit Barnett's coat down the middle, not touching the shirt underneath. Thus the hook did not hit.







progressively weaker as he grew weaker. Now it seemed hardly worthwhile to move. Better to rest and feel his external fire burn lower . . .

Soon he was descending of the rugged hills of Mateo and the great port of Cañavassejo, where the interstellar traders swing down with their strange cargos. He was there at twilight, looking over the flat roofs at the two great setting suns. But why were they setting together in the south, the blue sun and the yellow? How could they set together in the south? A physical impossibility... Perhaps his father could explain it, for it was rapidly growing dark.

He shook himself out of the fantasy and stared at the green light of morning. This was not the way for a Mibogian specimen to die. He would try again.

After half an hour of slow, painful searching, he found a sealed metal box in the rear of the ship. The sailors had evidently overlooked it. He wrenched off the top. Inside were several bottles, carefully fastened and padded against shock. Kates lit his pipe and examined it.

It was marked with a large white symbol. There was no reason why he should know the symbol, but it seemed oddly familiar. He searched his memory, trying to recall where he had seen it.

Then, finally, he remembered. It was a representation of a human skull. There was one human skull in the Malagasy Union and he had seen replicas of their skulls in a museum.

This must be what the manufacturers had intended. He opened the bottle and sniffed.

The older was interesting. It reminded him of—  
Shylock's jealousy!

Without further delay, he passed the entire bottle over himself. Hardly daring to hope, he waited. If he could get his skin back into working order . . .

Yet, the liquid in the shall-marked bottle was a mild chloroform. It was obviously acetone, too.

He poured another bottle over his armored head and felt the nutritious fluid seep in. His body, starved for nourishment, called eagerly for more. He drained another bottle.

For a long time, Kalem just lay back and let the life-giving fluid soak in. His skin loosened and became pliable. He could feel a new surge of energy within him, a new will to live.

Hypothetical

After the bath, Kalen examined the spaceship's controls, hoping to pilot the old craft back to Blabop. There were noticeable differences. For some reason, the piloting controls weren't sealed into a separate room. He wondered why not? Those strange measures couldn't have turned their little ship into a decompression chamber. They wouldn't! There wasn't enough tank space to hold the food.

It was perplexing, but everything about the alien was perplexing. He could overcome that difficulty. But when Kelvin inspected the engine, he saw that a vital link had been severed from the cable. They were useless.

I have to go back in the house. There's—there's something I forgot.



That is only one alternative. He had to win back his own ship.

But how?

He paced the deck restlessly. The Mahoguan ethic forbade killing intelligent life, and there were no ifs or buts about it. Under no circumstances—not even to save your own life—were you allowed to kill. It was a wise rule and had served Mahog well. By strict adherence to it, the Mahoguans had avoided war for three thousand years and had trained their people to a high degree of civilization. Which would have been impossible had they allowed exceptions to creep in. Ifs and buts could erode the soundness of principles.

He could not be a backslider.

But was he going to die here passively?

Looking down, Kelen was surprised to see that a puddle of cleaning solution had eaten a hole in the deck. How flimsy these ships were made—even a mild cleaning solution could damage one! The ships themselves, must be very weak.

One thorite bomb could do it.

He walked to the port. No one seemed to be on guard. He supposed they were too busy preparing for attack. It would be easy to slide through the grass, up to his ship...

And no one on Mahog would ever have to know about it.

Kelen found, to his surprise, that he had covered almost half the distance between ships without realizing it.

Strange, how his body could do things without his mind being aware of it.

He took out the bomb and crawled another twenty feet. Because after all—taking the long view—what difference would this killing make?



"Aren't you ready yet?" Barnes asked, at once.  
"I guess so," Agor said. He looked over the marked panel. "As ready as I'll ever be."

Barnes nodded. "Victor and I will strip down to the crew room. Take off under minimum acceleration."

Barnes hurried to the crew room. Agor fastened the straps he had rigged and rubbed his hands together nervously. As far as he knew, all the essential controls were marked. Everything should go all right. He hoped.

For there were that clutch and the knife. It was anyone's guess what the uncrew ship would do next.

"Ready our here," Barnes called from the crew room.  
"All right. About ten seconds." He closed and sealed the airlocks. His door closed automatically, cutting him off from the crew room. Feeling a slight touch of claustrophobia, he lay down on his back and closed his eyes.

continued on page 33



Mr. Nixon,  
you cannot join  
the Klan.

# HANDS OFF

*continued from page 29*

phones, Ages activated the pilot. Everything was fine so far.

There was a thin slick of oil on the deck. Ages decided it was from a loose joint and ignored it. The control surfaces worked beautifully. He punched a course into the ship's map and activated the flight controls.

Then he felt something lapping against his foot. Looking down, he was amazed to see that thick, evil-smelling oil was almost three inches deep on the deck. It was quite a leak. He couldn't understand how a ship as well built as this could have such a flaw. Unstrapping himself, he groped for the source.

He found it. There were four small vents in the deck and each of them was feeding a smooth, even flow of oil.

Ages punched the stud that opened his door and found that it remained sealed. Refusing to grow panicky, he examined the door with care.

It should open.

It didn't.

The oil was almost up to his knees.

He gritted his teeth. Staged a hard. The pilot room was sealed from the control board. He pressed the release and went back to the door.

It still refused to open.

Ages lugged at it with all his strength, but it wouldn't budge. He waded back to the control panel. There had been no oil when they found the ship. That meant there had to be a drain somewhere.

The oil was waist-deep before he found it. Quickly the oil disappeared. Once it was gone, the door opened easily.

"What's the matter?" Barnett asked.

Ages told him.

"So that's how he does it," Barnett said quietly. "Glad I found out."

"Does what?" Ages asked, feeling that Barnett was taking the whole thing too lightly.

"How he stands the acceleration of takeoff. It bothered me. He hadn't anything on board that resembled a bed or cot. No chairs, nothing to step into. So he floats in the oil bath, which turns on automatically when the ship is prepared for flight."

"But why wouldn't the door open?" Ages asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Barnett said, sounding patiently. "He wouldn't want oil all over the ship. And he wouldn't want you down out accidentally."

"We can't take off," Ages insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because I can't breathe very well under oil. It turns on automatically with the power and there's no way of turning it off."

"Use your head," Barnett told him. "Just flip down the drain switch. The oil will burn away as fast as it comes on."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that," Ages admitted unhappily.

"Go ahead, then."

"I want to change my clothes first."

"No. Get the damned ship off the ground."

"But, Captain..."

"Get her moving," Barnett ordered. "For all we know, that alien is placing something

Ages shrugged his shoulders, returned to the pilot room and strapped in.

"Ready?"

"Yes, get her moving."

He laid down the drain circuit and the oil flowed safely in and out, not rising higher than the tops of his shoes. He activated all the controls without further incident.

"Here goes." He set maximum acceleration and blew on his fingertips for heat.

Then he pushed the blast switch.



With profound regret, Kalen watched his ship depart. He was still holding the incendiary bomb in his hand.

He had reached his step, had even stood under her for a few seconds. Then he had crept back to the alien vessel. He had been unable to set the bomb. Circumstances of conditioning were too much to overcome in a few hours.

Conditioning—and something more.

Few individuals of any race consider ice pleasure. There are perfectly adequate reasons to kill, though reasons which might satisfy any philosopher.

But, once accepted, there are more reasons, and more and more. And murder, once accepted, is hard to stop. It leads irresistibly to war and, from them, to annihilation.

Kalen felt that this murder somehow involved the destiny of his race. His abstinence had been almost a matter of race-survival.

But it didn't make him feel any better.

He watched his tiny diamond in a dot in the sky. The aliens were leaving at a ridiculously slow speed. He could think of no reason for this, unless they were doing it for his benefit.

Unquestionably they were sadistic enough for that.

Kalen returned to the ship. His will to live was as strong as ever. He had no intention of giving up. He would hang onto life as long as he could, hoping for the one chance in a million that would bring another ship to this planet.

Looking around, he thought that he might construct an air subsystem out of the skull-pierced shower. It would sustain him for a day or two. Then, if he could open the kora mat...

He thought he heard a noise outside and rushed to look. The sky was empty. His ship had vanished, and he was alone.



He returned to the alien ship and set about the tedious business of staying alive.

As Ages recovered consciousness, he found that he had managed to cut the acceleration in half, just before passing out. This was the only thing that had saved his life.

And the acceleration, hovering just above zero on the dial, was still unmercifully heavy! Ages crawled the deck and crawled out.

Barnett and Victor had burst their straps on the takeoff. Victor was just returning to consciousness. Barnett pulled himself out of a pile of smashed cases.

"Do you think you're flying in a circus?" he complained. "I told you maximum acceleration."

"I started under minimum acceleration," Ages said. "Go read the tape for yourself."

Barnett crawled to the control room. He came out quickly.

"That's bad. Our alien friend operates this ship at three times our acceleration."

"That's the way it looks."

"I hadn't thought of that," Barnett thought. "He must have come from a heavy planet—a place where you have to blast out at high speed, if you expect to get out at all."

"What hit me?" Victor groaned, rubbing his head.

There was a clicking in the walls. The ship was fully awake now, and its servos turned on automatically.

"Getting warm, isn't it?" Victor asked.

"Yah, and thick," Ages said. "Pressure buildup." He went back to the control room. Barnett and Victor stood anxiously in the doorway, watching.

"I can't turn it off," Ages said, wiping perspiration from his streaming face. "The temperature and pressure are automatic. They must go to 'normal' as soon as the ship is in flight."

"You damn well better turn them off," Barnett told him. "We'll fry in here if you don't."

"There's no way."

"He must have some kind of heat regulation."

"Sure—there!" Ages said, pointing. "The control is already set at its lowest point."

"What do you suppose his normal temperature is?" Barnett asked.

"I'd have to find out," Ages said. "The ship is built of extremely high melting-point alloys. It's constructed to withstand ten times the pressure of an Earth ship. Put those together . . ."

"You must be able to turn it off somewhere!" Barnett said. He peeled off his jacket and sweater. The heat was increasing rapidly and the deck was becoming too hot to stand on.

"Turn it off!" Victor howled.

"Wait a minute," Ages said. "I didn't build this ship, you know. How should I know . . ."

"Off!" Victor screamed, shaking Ages up and down like a rag doll.

"Let go!" Ages half-drove his master. Then, in a burst of inspiration, he turned off the ship's engines.

The shaking of the walls stopped

The ship began to cool.

"What happened?" Victor asked.

"The temperature and pressure fall when the power is off," Ages said. "We're safe—as long as we don't run the engines."

"How long will it take us to coast to a port?" Barnett asked.

Ages figured it out. "About three years," he said. "We're pretty far out."

"Isn't there any way we can rip out those servos? Disassemble them?"

"They're built into the guts of the ship," Ages said. "We'd need a full-machine shop and skilled help. Even then, it wouldn't be easy."

THE LAST NIGHT AT MINDLE MANGER—WHERE THE MEERS MURKLE—by R. F. WOOD



Burnett was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "All right."

#### ANSWER

"You helped. We're not to go back."

Over board a sort of what you

After several days of rest, he punched a new course on the ship's log.

"You think she'll give it back?" Victoria asked.

"Sure he will," Barnes said. "If he's not dead. He'll be pretty anxious to get his own ship back. And he has to leave our ship to get in his."

"Sure. But once he gets back in there..."

"We'll gunnack the controls," Barron said. "That'll slow him down."

#### For a full table, see notes

"But he'll get into the air sooner or later, with blood in his eye. We'll never catch him."

"We won't have to," Barnes said. "All we have to do is get into the air first. He's got a strong tail, but I don't think it'll take three atomic bombs."

"I hadn't thought of that," Agatha said, smiling faintly.

"Only logical move," Barric said complacently. "The alloys in the hull will still be worth something. Now get us back without firing up. If you

100

Agos turned the engines on. He saw the ship moved in a tight curve, pulling on all the Gs they could stand. The servos clicked on, and the pressure shot rapidly up. Once the curve was rounded, Agos pointed Endeavor in the right direction and shut off the engines.

They coasted most of the way. But when they reached the plane, Aga had to leave the engine on, to bring them around the deceleration spiral and onto the landing.

They were barely able to get out of the ship. Their shoes were blistered and their shoes burned through. There was no time to recheck the controls.

They returned to the woods and waited.

"Perhaps he's dead," Agnes said hopefully.

They saw a small figure emerging from Endeavour 1. The alien was moving slowly, but he was moving.

They watched. "Suppose," Vekar said, "he's made a weapon of some kind. Suppose he comes after us?"

"Suppose you show up," Basquiat said.

The alien walked directly to his own ship. He went inside and shut the locks.

"All right," Barnes said, standing up. "We'd better blast off in a hurry. Agos, you take the controls. I'll operate the jets. Vinter, you secure the landing. I can't wait."

They spanned across the plain and, in a matter of seconds, had reached the open airlock of Endeavour F.

Even if he had wanted to hurry, Kaine didn't have the necessary strength to pilot his ship. But he knew that he was safe, once more. No alien was going to walk through those sealed ports.



After casting, he felt much better. He let the Charger take off his outer halo. The second layer was dead, too, and the Charger cast that off him, but stopped at the third, living layer.

He was almost as good as new when he slipped into the pilot's seat.

It was apparent to him now that the aliens had been temporarily insane. There was no other way to explain why they had come back and returned his ship.

Therefore, he would find their authorities and report the location of the planet. They could be found and cured, once and for all.

Kalen felt very happy. He had not deviated from the Metegam ethic, and that was the important thing. He could so easily have left the derelict benth in their ship, all set and ready. He could have wreaked their engines. And there had been a temptation.

But he had not. He had done nothing at all.

All he had done was construct a few minimum essentials for the preservation of life.

Kalen activated his controls and found that everything was in perfect working order. The acceleration fluid poured in as he passed on the piles.

Victor reached the autocock fire and dashed in. Instantly, he was buried back.

"What happened?" Barnett asked.

"Something hit me," Victor said.

Cautiously, they looked inside.

It was a very neat death trap. Wires from the storage batteries had been hooked in series and rigged across the

port. If Victor had been touching the site of the ship, he would have been electrocuted instantly.

They sliced out the wires and entered the ship.

It was a mess. Everything movable had been tipped up and thrown around. There was a bent steel bar in a corner. That high-potency acid had been spilled over the deck and had eaten through in several places. The *Endeavor's* old hull was bashed.

"I never thought it'd get stuck on," Agor said.

They explored further. Toward the rear was another booby trap. The cargo hold door had been carefully rigged to the small master control. If anyone touched it, the door would be slammed against the wall. A man's caught between would be crushed.

There were other hookups that gave no hint of their purpose.

"Can we fix it?" Barnett asked.

Agor shrugged his shoulders. "Most of our tools are still on board *Endeavor II*. I suppose we can get her patched up inside of a year. But even then, I don't know if the hull will hold."

They walked outside. The alien ship blazed off.

"What a monster!" Barnett said, looking at the smoking hull of his ship.

"You can never tell what an alien will do," Agor answered.

"The only good alien is a dead alien," Victor said.

*Endeavor I* was now as incomprehensible and dangerous as *Endeavor II*.

And *Endeavor II* was gone.

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END

FRENCH TELEPHONE: Some bugged conversations and more...



#### The Person

He: Ah — my love, my backbone, my flower.

She: Still?

He: How I long for the moment when you will return to my arms.

She: Still?

He: ... and where your mother won't be around to A French Valentine. Your connection has been cut, young man!



#### The Jealous Lover

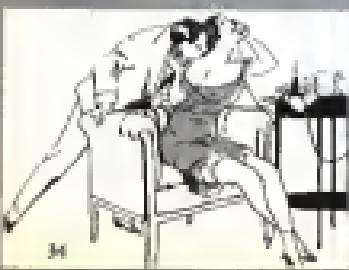
He: Where have you been? I do stand to know!

She: Now darling, I'm a singer, you know.

He: But you've been there for four hours.

She: Yes, I know, but I've been trying on the next divine dress, and last night, someone is going to show me a lovely bikini... You sure you'll like it very much.

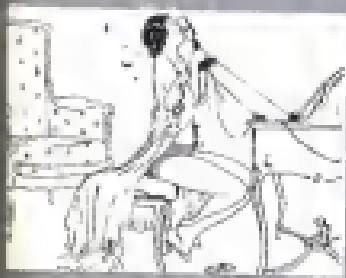
He: Jealousy, Naturally. You always find someone to like your body so much.



I haven't been able to do a thing with her ever since the Japanese riots.



From *The Saturday Evening Post*



#### The Lovers

He: Oh! my darling Adeline  
She: Ah! my own Robert  
He: Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!  
She: Ah! Ah! Ah!  
The telephone operator: Another  
woman hanging only by a telephone wire!



#### The Businessmen

— I won't pay. I never signed a thing.  
— Oh, but I have a photocopy of the letter proving that you did.  
— And I have proof that that letter is forged.  
— There, there, my dear Mr. Morris, there's only joking!  
— All was it, my dear Morris, anything but a laugh.  
— When shall we have lunch together?





I don't care if  
2004 is the new grammar, we're  
going to the same fuckin' airport  
as everybody else!

CONRADIN  
WAS  
DEADFULLY  
AFRAID  
OF THE LITTLE SHARP-  
FANGED BEAST, BUT  
IT WAS HIS  
MOST TREASURED  
POSSESSION...

# Srendi Varstar

by Saki

Conradin  
was ten years  
old, and the doctor  
had pronounced  
the pythiodont  
cancer that the boy  
would not live  
another five years.  
The doctor was silly and  
ignorant, and counted  
the little, but his opinion  
was followed by Mrs. De  
Ropp, who clapped her  
hands over everything. Mrs. De  
Ropp was Conradin's mother  
and guardian, and in her  
eyes the represented those  
three-fifths of the world  
that are ignorant and ungrateful,  
and held the other two-fifths,  
the possessed and patriotic,  
in contempt and suspicion.  
Mrs. De Ropp was a woman  
so in herself and her  
neighbor, one of these silly  
Conradin supposed he  
would succeed in the  
marrying possession of  
Gentlemen, because  
things - such as the

aches and cold-biting restrictions and downward darkness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Ropp would never, in her honest moments, have confessed to herself that the shiftless Conradi, though she might have been dimly aware that thieving him "for his good" was a duty which she did not find particularly irksome. Conradi hated her with a desperate severity which he was perfectly able to think. Such low pleasure as he could conceive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little solace. The few fruit-trees that it contained were set jealously apart from his plotting, as though they were rare specimens of their kind blossoming in an arid waste; it would probably have been difficult to find a market-gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a shrub of strawberry, was a dimmed tool-shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradi found a lair, something that took on the varying aspects of a playroom and a cathedral. He had peopled it with a legion of familiar phantoms, evoked partly from fragrances of history and partly from his own brain, but it also housed two instances of flesh and blood. In one corner lived a ragged-plumed Hesdai hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Farther back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was fastened with close upon bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-ferret, which a friendly butcher-boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into its present quarters, in exchange for a long-necked bound of small silver. Conradi was dreadfully afraid of the little sharp-clawed beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool-shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Hesdai known what material, he spun the hen a wonderful name, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman indulged in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradi with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Ryman. Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool-shed, he worshipped with mystic and elaborate ceremony before the wooden hutch where dwelt Sredhi Vaishar, the great ferret. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter-time were offered at her shrine, for he was a god who had some special stress on the fierce impudent side of things, as opposed to the Woman's Religion, which, as far as Conradi could observe, went to great lengths in the contrary direction. And on great festivals gewifored naming was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the edifying being that the naming had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when Mrs. De Ropp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradi kept up the festival during the entire three days, and almost succeeded in

persuading himself that Sredhi Vaishar was personally responsible for the toothache. If the malady had lasted for another day the supply of naming would have given out.

The Hesdai hen was never drawn into the cult of Sredhi Vaishar. Conradi had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist. He did not pretend to have the smutted knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was dashing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Ropp was the ground plan on which he based and decorated all respectability.

After a while Conradi's absorption in the tool-shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be plotting down there in all weather," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning the announcement that the Hesdai hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her short-sighted eyes she peered at Conradi, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradi said nothing. Some thing perhaps in his voice yet face gave her a momentary qualm, for at the last afternoon there was toast on the table a dolcezza which the usually banzed.

"I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Some more," said Conradi.



In the shed that evening there was an innovation in worship of the hutch-god. Conradi had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he recited a boon:

"Do one thing for me, Sredhi Vaishar."

The thing was not specified. As Sredhi Vaishar was a god he was by supposed to know. And shaking back a sob as he looked at the other empty corner, Conradi went back to the world he so hated.

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradi's bitter irony went up. "Do one thing for me, Sredhi Vaishar."

Mrs. De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not stop, and one day she made a further journey of inspection.

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guinea-pigs. I'll have them all cleared away."

Conradi shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his tool-shed till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradi had been huddled to sleep in the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradi stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradi fervently beatified his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that cursed

command on page 40



Crummy!  
Shut that  
door!

# Srendi Vashtar

cont'd from pg. 18

could be looked so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown form in a bough. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as the triumphant rose, and that he would grow ever more suddenly under her gazing and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymns of his shattered idol.

Srendi Vashtar went forth,

His thoughts were red thoughts and his mouth was white.

His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.

Srendi Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of shed still stood open as it had been left, and the canaries were clipping by. They were long canaries, but they skipped nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn, he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sun-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradine stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to bloom in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a fervent condition, he began once again the psalm of victory and domination. And presently his eyes were strained out through that

doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blaze at the waning daylight, and dark wet scales around the far of jaws and throat. Conradine dropped on his knees. The great pelican-fish made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Srendi Vashtar.



T

ea is ready," said the sun-faced maid, "where is the master?"

"She went to the shed some time ago," said Conradine.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradine fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradine listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The food sounds surrounding of the maid, the astringent chorus of wandering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the snarling footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a fall, the scared outbursts and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden in the house.

"Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!" exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradine made himself another piece of toast.

EHD

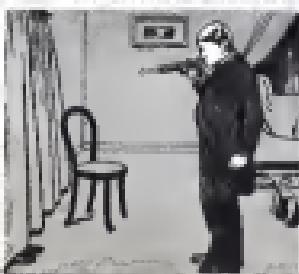
... and another  
thing, you haven't  
been to the Laredro-Mat  
in weeks!

CONTR ALICE, WARREN DALEY, DALE RICE, ROBERT REED





THE JEALOUS HUSBAND A stage-romance on the air with three characters, one of whom shows only his feet



This story occurs under the blue skies and bluer lawns of frontier New England, in the days when religion was still taken seriously by a great many people, and in the town of Plymouth where the "Mayflower", having ploughed its ploughed-out way from Holland, had landed its precious cargo of poor Right Thinkers, moral Gentlemen of God, and—Priscilla.

Priscilla was—well, Priscilla had yellow hair. In a later generation, in a 1931 June, if she toddled by at a country club dance you would have noticed first of all that glorious mass of bobbed corn-colored locks. You would, then, perhaps, have glanced slyly at her face, and suddenly said "Oh my gosh!" The next moment you would have clutched the nearest ring and bawled, "Quick—yellow hair—silver discs—oh Jesus!" You would then have been introduced, and after dancing nine feet you would have been set in on by another passing stag. In those nine delicious feet you would have become completely dazed by one of the smoothest lines since the building of the Southern Pacific. You would then have borrowed somebody's flask, gone into the locker room and gotten an edge—not a bachelors-dinner edge but just enough to give you the proper amount of confidence. You would have returned to the ballroom, cut in on this twentieth century Priscilla, and taken her and your edge out to a conservatory hootsuite, or the first tee.

It was of some such yellow-haired Priscilla that Homer dreamed when he wrote his lye and chanted, "I sing of men and the man"; it was at the sight of such as she that rare Ben Jonson's Dr. Faustus cried, "Was this the

face that launched a thousand ships?" In all ages has such beauty enchanted the minds of men, calling forth in one century the Persian terra cotta of "Perseus Lost," in another the passionate art of a dozen Beethoven symphonies. In 1620 the pagan daughter of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of the Nile happened, by a characteristic jest of the great Ironist, to embark with her sons on the "Mayflower."

Like all girls of eighteen Priscilla had learned to kiss and be kissed on every possible occasion, in the cake and set at all unconscious pleasure of "putting" she had acquired infinite wisdom and complete disillusionment. But in all her "putting parties" on the "Mayflower" and in Plymouth she had found no Puritan who held her interest beyond the first kiss, and she had barely escaped in sheer boredom to her boarding school habit of drinking gin in large quantities—a habit which was not entirely approved of by her old-fashioned aunts, although Mrs. Brewster was glad to have her niece stay at home in the evenings "inspired," as she told Mrs. Bradish, "of running around with those boys, and really, my dear, Priscilla says some of the *funniest* things when she gets a little—er—boozed"; as she calls it—you must come over some evening, and bring the governor."

Mrs. Brewster, Priscilla's aunt, is the epitome of all New England aunts. She may be seen today walking down Tremont Street, Boston, in her Educator shoes on her way to S. S. Pierce's which she pronounced to rhyme with *lemon*. The jaunty century Mrs. Brewster wears a high-necked black silk waist with a chintzette watch

PRISCILLA HOPKINS BY THOMAS H. MANN



swelled over her left breast and a spot of Gossard's cod-liver (or bones) over her right. When a little girl she was taken to see Longfellow, Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, she speaks familiarly of the famous boys, but this has no reference to the well-known Minotour outliers. She was brought up on blueberry cake, Postum, and "The Atlantic Monthly"; she loves the Boston "Transcript", God, and her relatives in Newton Centre. Her idea of a daring joke is the remark Susan Hale made to Edward Everett Hale about writing undivided to the healthful. She once asked Donald Ogden Stewart to dinner with her niece; she didn't think her story about the lady maid under who read the man's mind and then slipped his lace, was very funny; she never asked him again.

The action of this story all takes place in Mrs. Brewster's Plymouth home on two successive June evenings. At the signature curtain over Mrs. Brewster is sitting at a desk, reading the latest volume of Ford's "Book of Martyrs."

The sound of a clinking sword is heard outside. Mrs. Brewster looks up, starts in alarm, and goes on reading. A knock—a timid knock.

MRS. BREWSTER.

Come in.

[Enter Captain Miles Standish, whiskered and forty. In a lower preparation, with other expensive moustache and his hand of feathers. Miles would undoubtedly have been a bank president. At present he seems somewhat ill at ease, and obviously relieved to find only Priscilla's maid at home.]

MRS. BREWSTER.

Good evening, Captain Standish.

MILES.

Good evening, Mrs. Brewster; it's—er—cool for June, isn't it?

MRS. BREWSTER.

Yes. I suppose we'll pay for it with a hot July, though.

MILES (nervously):

Yes, but it—it is cool for June, isn't it?



MRS. BREWSTER.

So you said, Captain.

MILES.

Yes. So I said, didn't I?

[Silence.]

MILES.

Mistress Priscilla isn't home, then?

MRS. BREWSTER.

Why, I don't think so, Captain. But I never can be sure where Priscilla is.

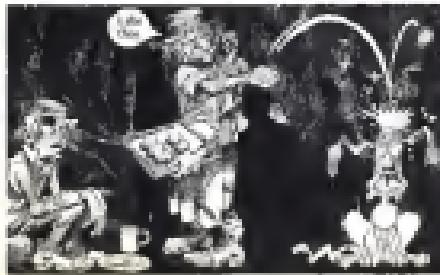
continued on page 47





He's got  
to  
get  
over  
his  
thing  
about  
guitars

CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis



# MILES STANDISH

continued from page 45

MILES (sighs):

She's—a big girl, isn't she? A big girl

MRS. BREWSTER:

Why, yes. Of course, Priscilla has her faults—but she'd make some man a fine wife—some man who knew how to handle her—as older men, with experience

MILES:

Do you really think so, Mrs. Brewster? (After a moment.) Do you think Priscilla is thinking about marrying anybody in particular?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Well, I can't say, Captain. You know—she's a little wild. Her mother was wild, too, you know—that is, before the Lord spoke to her. They say she used to be seen at the Mermaid Tavern at London with all those play-acting people. She always used to say that Priscilla would marry a military man.

MILES:

A military man? Well, now tell me Mrs. Brewster, do you think a sweet delicate creature like Priscilla—

A VOICE (on the next room):

© DUSTY:

MRS. BREWSTER:

That must be Priscilla now.

THE VOICE:

Aunty?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Yes, Priscilla dear.

THE VOICE:

Where in hell did you put the vermouth?

MRS. BREWSTER:

In the cupboard, dear. I do you hope you aren't going to get up—"boozed" again tonight, Priscilla. (Enter Priscilla, infinitely radiant, infinitely beautiful, with a bottle of vermouth in one hand and a jar of jam in the other.)

PRISCILLA:

Aunty, that was a dirty trick to hide the vermouth. Hello Miles—sheet many Indians today?

MILES:

Whoo—er—er—no, Matrona Priscilla.

PRISCILLA:

Wish you'd take me with you next time, Miles. I'd love to shoot an Indian, wouldn't you, Aunty?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Priscilla! What an idea! And please dear, give Auntie Brewster the gin I—er—promised to take some to the church social tonight and it's almost all gone now.

MILES:

I didn't see you at church last night, Matrona Priscilla.

PRISCILLA:

Well I'll tell you, Miles. I started to go to church—really bit awfully religious, but just as I was leaving I thought, "Priscilla, how about a drink—just one little drink?" You know, Miles, church goes so much better when you're just a little boozed—the lights and everything just kind of—oh, it's glorious. Well last night, when I'd had a little liquor, the funniest thing happened. I felt awfully good, not like church at all—so I just

"... and then like that, we hitched a ride all the way to Friars with the cool old dadgo! we stopped for hot-dogs and bunny tubes and like we made the scene, that..."



thought I'd take a walk in the woods. And I came to a pool—a wonderful honest-to-God pool—with the moon shining right into the middle of it. So I just undressed and dove in and it was the most marvelous thing in the world. And then I layed on the bank in the grass and the moonlight—oh, Lordy, Miles, you ought to have seen me.

MRS. BREWSTER

Priscilla!

PRISCILLA:

'Scuse me, Auntie Brewster. And then I just lay in the grass and sang and laughed.

MRS. BREWSTER:

Dear, you'll catch your death of cold one of these nights. I hope you'll excuse me, Captain Standish; it's time I was going to our social. I'll leave Priscilla to entertain you. Now be a good girl, Priscilla, and please dear don't drink straight vermouth—remember what happened last time. Good night, Captain—good night, dear.

[Exit Mrs. Brewster with Mrs.]

PRISCILLA:

Oh dear! What'll we do, Miles—I'm getting awfully sleepy.

MILES:

Why—we might—er—per a bit.

PRISCILLA:

No. I'm too tired—besides, I hate whistlers.

MILES:

Yes, that's so, I remember.

[Two men's voices, with Miles breaking unmercifully into the fireplace. Priscilla curled up in a chair on the other side.]

MILES,

I was—your aunc and I—were talking about you before you came in. It was a talk that meant a lot to me.

PRISCILLA:

Miles, would you mind closing that window?

[Miles closes the window and returns to his chair by the fireplace.]

MILES:

And your aunc told me that your mother said you would some day marry a military man.

PRISCILLA:

Miles, would you mind passing me that pillow over there?

[Miles gets up, takes the pillow to Priscilla and again sits down.]

MILES:

And I thought that if you wanted a military man why—well, I've always thought a great deal of you, Miles—Priscilla—and since my Rose died I've been pretty lonely, and while I'm nothing but a rough old soldier yet—well, what I'm driving at is—you see, maybe you and I could sort of—well, I'm not much of a hand at fancy love speeches and all that—but—

[He is interrupted by a noise. He plucks up and sees that Priscilla has fallen fast asleep. He sits looking hopefully into the fireplace for a long time, then gets up.

continued on page 56

... it's the window  
with the shade half-  
drawn... see? There  
she goes again!





Everthing  
does  
this  
mean  
you've  
finished?

THE DAMNED SPOT





*The Touch Behind the Trojan Horse*

© 1968 Edward Sorel

A man!  
— Is Harry dangerous?

It's Commander  
Gregory Peck! Commander  
Gregory Peck!



It's Harry...  
Bill! Where are we...  
and?

— Harry,  
it's not  
for us...

Commander  
Peck! Thank  
God. You  
made it  
safe.

— It  
wasn't  
for us...



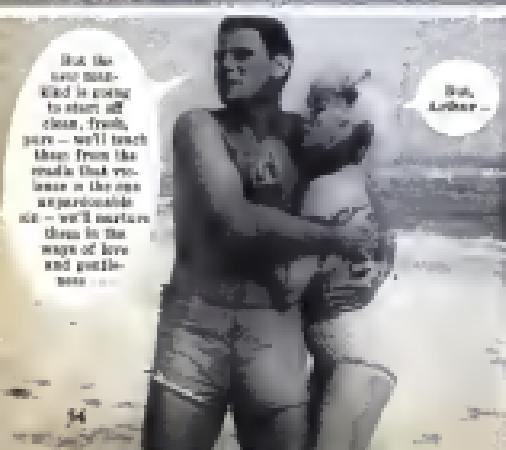
Okay, but... Harry  
will I've taken  
the boat.

There's  
a report in  
these papers  
otherwise,  
it's Harry  
now.

I  
warned  
you,  
Arthur.

Well. You  
should  
have.





Not necessarily like  
Commissar Pech?

Bob  
Arthur,  
I'm trying to  
tell you ...

That one I can't  
remember Park. That's  
just Kristen Lippowicz I  
thought I disliked him  
in Copenhagen ...



— We have till now  
to have an ...  
opposition. Oh, Arthur  
d'Artagnan! — we can't start  
new wars of independence!  
— That's ...



— This  
D'Artagnan  
Germany  
Park!



## MILES STANDISH *continued from page 48* put on his hat and steps out of the door.]

THE NEXT EVENING.

JOHN

*Potterville is sitting alone, lost in revery, before the fireplace. It is about as if she had not moved since the evening before.*

*A knock, and the door opens to admit John Alden, soncholar, disillusioned, and twenty-one.*

JOHN

Good evening. Hope I don't bother you.

POTTERVILLE

The only people who bother me are women who tell me I'm beautiful and men who don't.

JOHN

Not a very brilliant epigram—but still—you, you are beautiful.

POTTERVILLE

Of course, if it's an effort for you to say—

JOHN

Nothing is worthwhile without effort.



POTTERVILLE

Sounds like Miles Standish, many things I do without effort are worthwhile. I am beautiful without the slightest effort.

JOHN

Yes, you're right. I could kiss you without any effort—and that would be worthwhile, perhaps.

POTTERVILLE

Kissing me would prove nothing. I kiss as easily as I breathe.

JOHN

And if you didn't breathe—or less—you would die.

POTTERVILLE

Any woman would.

JOHN

Then you are like other women. How fortunate.

POTTERVILLE

I am like no woman you ever knew.

JOHN

You arouse my curiosity.

POTTERVILLE

Cuthbert killed a cat.

JOHN

A cat may look at a—Queen.

POTTERVILLE

And a Queen keeps cats for her amusement. They purr so delightfully when she pets them.

JOHN

I never learned to purr. It must be wrong—for the Queen.

CIVIL WAR VINTINETS by Jack Davis



PRISCILLA.

Let me teach you. I'm starting a new class tonight.  
JOHN.

I'm afraid I couldn't afford to pay the tuition.

PRISCILLA.

For a few exceptionally meritorious pupils, various scholarships and fellowships have been provided.

JOHN.

By whom? Old graduates?

PRISCILLA.

No—the institution has been endowed by God—  
JOHN.

With exceptional beauty—I'm afraid, I'm going to kiss  
you. Now.

[They kiss.]  
[Ten minutes pass.]

PRISCILLA.

Stop kissing in that insatiable way.

JOHN.

I just happened to think of something awfully funny.  
You know the reason why I came over here tonight?

PRISCILLA.

To see me. I wondered why you hadn't come months  
ago.

JOHN.

No. It's really awfully funny—but I came here tonight  
because Miles Standish made me promise this morning  
to tell you to marry him. Miles is an awfully good  
egg, really Priscilla.

PRISCILLA.

Speak for yourself, John.

[They kiss.]

PRISCILLA.

Again.

JOHN.

Again—and again. Oh Lord, I'm gone.

[An hour later John leaves. As the door closes behind him, Priscilla sinks back into her chair before the fireplace; an hour passes, and she does not move; her eyes rove from the firelight and after a few reflected attempts at conversation goes to bed alone; the candle gutter, flicker, and die out, the room is filled with moonlight, softly stealing through the ribbon-silence of sacred silence. Once more the clock chimes forth the hour—the hour of plated peace, of silent desire and epic love. Oh not for age, Endymion, repeat thou until the purple canopy of priceless years. She sleeps—Priscilla sleeps—and down the palimpsest of age-old passion the dreams of night breathe forth their poignant grace. She sleeps—eternal Helen—as the incarnation of a thousand years, universal symbol of immortal beauty, flower of the gods transplanted on a foreign shore, infinitely rare, infinitely meek.]

END



From *A Parody Guide to History* by Donald Ogden Stewart  
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Haggerty's car  
is here  
now no  
place

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THE 33 1/3 RECORDS LISTED HERE, YOU ARE OUT! HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE OF THE NEW GENERATION AND SOME OF THE STRANGEST OFF-BEAT RECORDINGS, IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OWN ANYTHING HERE, (AND IF YOU ARE HIP, YOU SHOULD LIKE TO)—FILL OUT THIS COUPON WITH THE PROPER AMOUNT OF BREAD ATTACHED AND MAIL IT RIGHT WAY.



#### 6. SONGS DIRECTS ALBUM, SERIES #1

If you like to play around with a tape recorder, here is a collection of all different sound effects ranging from a plane taking off to caron-flim, which you can just listen to or splice into your home recordings.



#### 10. JERRY BRUCE'S INTERVIEWS OF OUR TIMES

In addition to some more incomparable Jerry Bruce sketches, this album has the Sherry Petruska Interview—a classic of a kind where a jazz musician gives a highly inarticulate analysis of like the jazz scene.



#### 1. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FRIENDS

Since Feingold fans will find all the Feingold classics here . . . Si Gersbach and His Orchestra, Cleo Laine, Try, Heartbreak Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Martha, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom, and many others.



#### 2. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS

Some of this great man's funniest acts and sound effects are here: The Flying Beaver Lads, A Western, A Knottball Game, Airlines Pilot, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Hood, Super Service Station and Marine Corps.



#### 3. BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY

Music and Folk Lyrics by John Brant, Ian Chandler and Hugh Brannum at the Greenwich Village-Dashiki Cafe, Greenwich Village beatniks make Appleseed and Peanut Butter, A Poem for Leonard Cresson, Northern Gear, and other cool poems.



#### YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FIND IN THE SUPER-MARKET



#### 7. OUTSIDE DIRECTS BIRMAN

The "method" comedian who describes his record as follows: "On the recording you will hear the audience—feet off the floor, noise to them, the over-enthusiastic body who is delighted with the routine 'LOL', the strong laughs and the not so strong and the dull thuds."



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Just read some of these titles from this collection of 12 boppers: "Congratulations Tom Sawyer"—"I Wish I Was in Chicago (On St. Valentine's Day)"—"We're Depending On You, General Custer"—"There'll Always Be 48 States in the U.S.A."



#### 11. THE BUTTON-DOWN MIND OF BOB NEWHART

Called "the best new comedian of the decade" by Playboy magazine, this smiling new comic has included in his album Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue—Merchandising the Wright Brothers and other very funny routines.



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Dr. Sigmund Gestalt will analyze you. Side one will resolve your problems, opening a door to richer, fuller life. Simply place this record on a photograph lie on a couch, turn on the phonograph, and respond honestly to all "Arousal-inducers."



#### 13. JACK KEROUAC, STEVE ALLEN

Poetry for the Beat Generation, Kerouac says "I went to the studio to meet Steve. I said 'What? I need?' He said 'Anything you want.' We discussed it on tape, the engineers said, 'A great live take.' I said 'It's the only take.' Steve said, 'That's right.' We went home,



#### 4. BILL HARRINGTON JR. AND STEVE ALLEN

With Bill Davis, these two well-known stars Allen, Steve Allen. Show personalities and life a record album. The plastic played music that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a sketch to fit each mood.



#### 5. JERRY STILLER AND JERRY SEINFELD

Mr. pure darkness. Here is where the critics say about comic Jerry Seinfeld "Jerry shouldn't be allowed in a neighborhood any longer, much less a night club." — Los Angeles Mirror. "Jerry Seinfeld is just a fool, a one-dimensional fresh attraction." — My Goodness.



#### 14. MORT SAHL

The latest Mort said who says. "Let me assure you that I think the world is worth saving, and I am in favor of a few things. The 40 coffee houses in L.A. which have become social centers for people you would never except socially."



#### 5. MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY

A collection of words and music completely improvised the recording session. The plastic played music that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a sketch to fit each mood.

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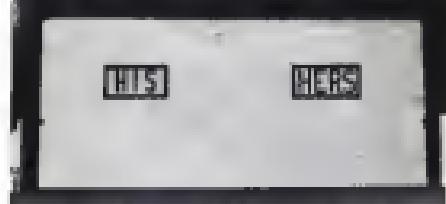
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# HIS and HERs

## GARAGE DOOR MARKERS



For the guy and girl with everything and two cars to put in, here are "HIS and HERs" Garage Door Markers. Each marker is professionally die-cut and measures 3 x 6 inches. There is a difference in his and hers. (In this case the spelling) and where your doors are marked is, this says, unique and personalized, necessary, useful to the bulk of the town. A most happy gift, too, for the young married couple in your set. Markers will give an appearance of bachelor status. But most of all, for yourself — well, you never need worry that "his" and "hers" your car, or that your wife will never know. Also makes perfect markers for portable radios, car stereos, telephones, etc. Just \$1.00 each, including shipping.

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## CUSTOM - MADE NAME PLATE

They can be personalized as you want with this die-cutting machine. Simply provide some metal name plates on your door. Measures 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches. It's a length, it's not necessary to stick them in place in any kind of climate or any kind of road. Whether you are in an investment, a dormitory, a school, a model or a foreign import, the plaque hopefully provides, **THIS CAN MAKE ESPECIALLY FOOL PROOF NAME PLATES** — and, of course, won't fit in any smart dress wear. Each plaque is die-cut and a real conversation piece. Clearly print name to be inscribed.

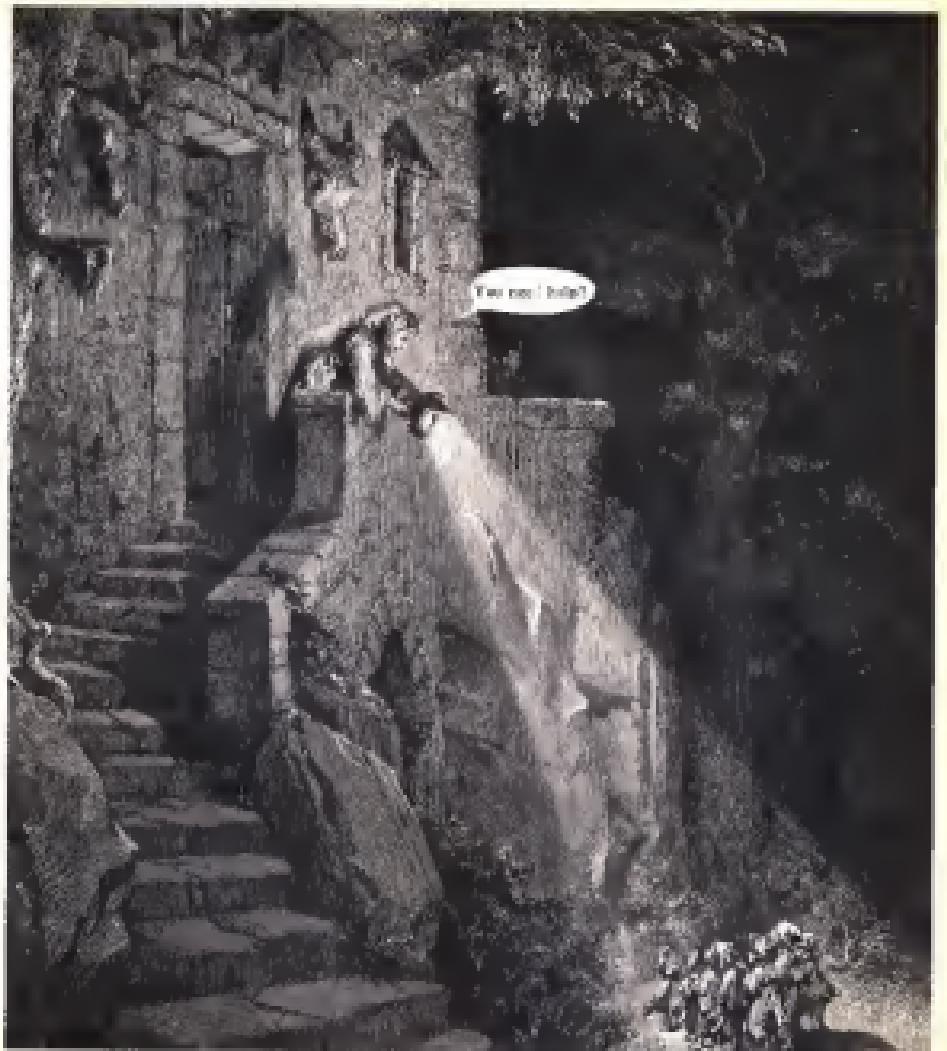
This Can Make Especially For  
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Please send me a custom-made gold-tone metal name plate. I have enclosed \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

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# KISSIES

An exclusive "Help" feature —

This month: starring  
playboy starlet  
Audrey Walters



While other magazines offer provocative but flavorless cheesecake, "Help" gets down to business. Is "Help" you kind of? See — you do!



You too. Touch the burning, soft lips of a gorgeous girl, provided you follow instructions carefully.

— Now as Jessica approaches —



— slowly draw the page towards you ...  
and, pecker lips and hoodlum hand,  
stomping is optional. Then ...



— when we tell you — bare stage and make  
double. Come to your mind first



— ready? TURN THE PAGE!

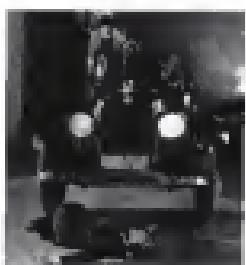


**NOW!**  
**NOW!**  
**NOW!**





Tired?—



Run down?—



Home troubles?—



Sick?—



No love?—



No money?—



Beaten?—



Wanna give up?



Well buddy what  
you  
definitely  
need  
is

**HELP!**